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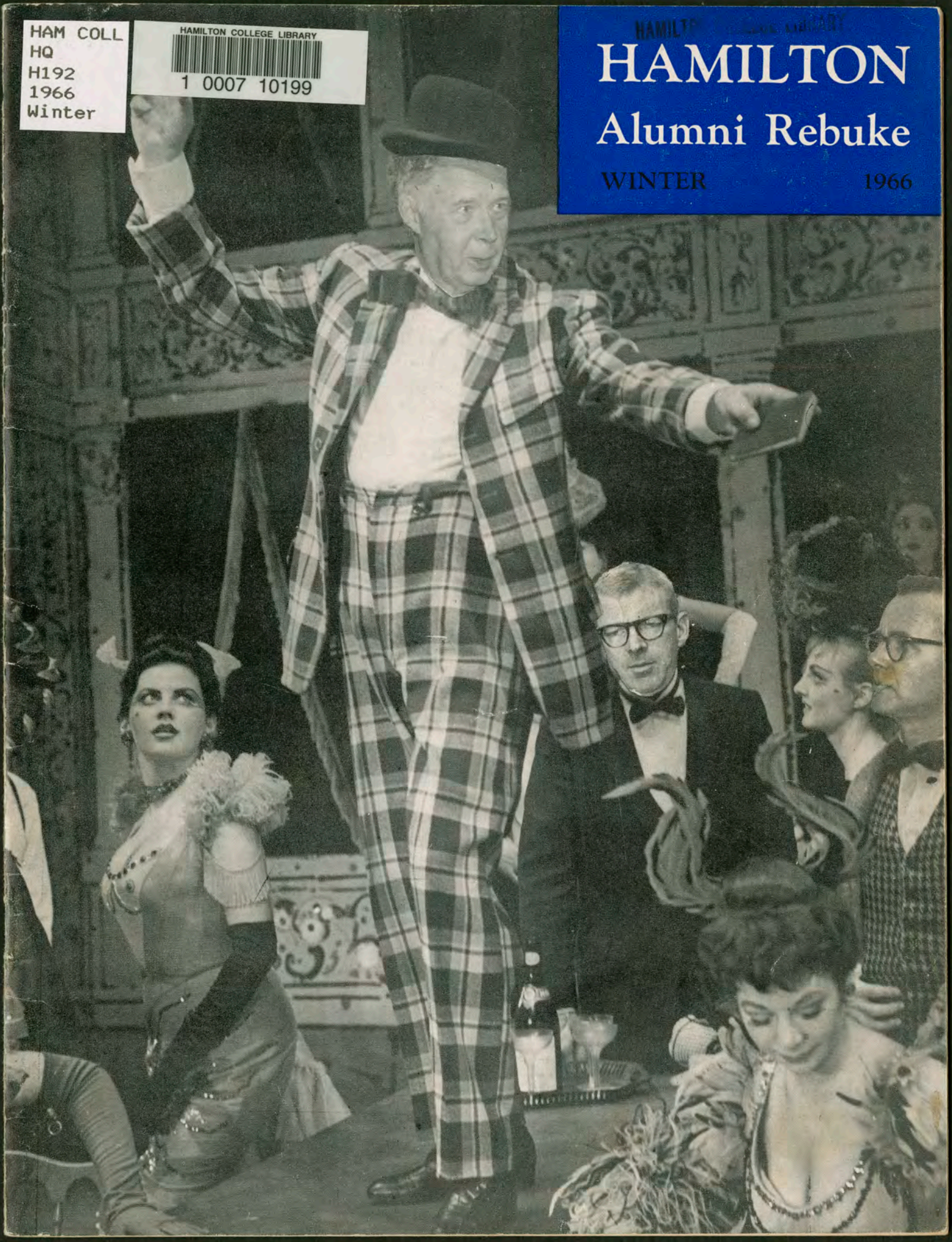
HAMILTON
Alumni Rebuke

WINTER 1966



Small Talk

● Prof. H. S. Long, working at the Institute for Search and Find at Princeton, has discovered an ancient clay tablet which proves conclusively that Mrs. Murray Edwards is a direct lineal descendent of the women who turned away Joseph and Mary at the inn.

● G. Iwana Hump '16, was recently back on the Hill for a short visit. While talking to some students outside of Beaut Hall about the class ring he lost here over 50 years ago, Hump noticed something shiny in the mud in front of Beaut, and quickly running over he picked up the mysterious object with a shout of glee. It was the pop-top from a U. C. can.

Although student marriages are becoming more and more common throughout the United States, the result of one of Hamilton's more fruitful wedlocks is pictured above: Mrs. Falcon O'Mallet and her seven lovely children. Falcon '66 himself was too excited about becoming a father to grant any interviews, but when asked how many boys and how many girls there were, he did giggle and stammer that "I don't really know. I haven't looked into it yet."

● Overheard while rummaging through the college bookstore: "Shoppers, Attention Please! Today's special sale is a 20¢ deodorant for 69¢."

● The long-removed doors to the stalls in the bathrooms of South Dormitory were finally restored to their rightful positions last month, after the students made a big stink.

● Past President Ho Chin MinEwen, who has long been suspected of being, among other things, a man of literary talents, finally admitted in an interview last week that he is beginning work on an autobiography. "It will be patterned after the 'Sending your sinuses to Arizona' ad," said MinEwen, "since that just about sums up my whole life."

● In a recent apology by the Office of Admissions, Sidney Bendit told the Board of Trustees that Hamilton is finished looking for the "smarty-pants artsy-craftsy Class of 1966 type of kid." "From now on," Bendit stated, "we're gonna start recruiting men — big, strong, moosey, hairy men."

The newest addition to the campus canine set is a creature called "Wolfbang." "Wolf" first came to the attention of the student body when, during the recent snowstorm, he found all the campus fire hydrants buried and used the second floor lounge of the Gristol Center as a substitute unloading area.

COVER EXPLANATION

What do listless college administrators do when confronted during their afternoon coffee break with Topez Ticklemine and her All-Girl Sextet, April Sweetjob's Women's service club, and four cases of pain-killer? They throw a party and sound the last hurrah, that's what. But as they sewed, somebody else reaped. See cover story on page two. (Men pictured left to right: President Ho Chin MinEwen, Development Officer Burt Willu$, and Diddlywork Vice-President Dick Copher.)

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This is the Humor Issue of the *Hamilton Spectator*, published annually at Winter Carnival by the students of Hamilton College. It is intended in jest, and any implication of defamation of character is unintentional. Guild Nichols, Editor - in - chief.

Letters

To the Editor:

Betty and I would like to have you down to the house for cocktails on Monday evening, November 1, at about 5 p.m. You have been selected from an exclusive list of freshmen compiled by an upperclassman who thinks a great deal of you and has only your best interests at heart. Please come to the back door of my house, knock three times, and say "Simple Smempel sent me."

Sincerely,
Burt

To the Editor:

Two years ago when I was graduated from Hamilton, I wanted to find someway by which I could retain the "Essence of the College" in my heart forever, someway by which I could say, "Samuel Kirkland, Thank You."

After pondering my perplexing problem, I discovered that veritable veterans administration, the Office of Alumni Affairs, under the direction of fun-loving Hands Hansome. What better way to re-pay my debt to the Hill than, as Hands puts it, "get a high-paying, little-laboring executive job in order to give at least ten per cent of your annual income to the college."

And Hands, true to what little form he has left, has always thought up clever, fun ways of helping all of us patio patricians to re-pay the debt. Only last year Hands and Pres. Ho Chin MinEwen turned the chemistry lab into a distillery and sold us Old Mr. Cratty's Corn Liquor at $20 an ounce. And with the help of the Dept. of Buildings and Grounds last fall, Hands offered us Holy Relics of Hamilton (leaves AND sod picked up by Jinx Letsellher's new campus carpetsweeper).

I didn't mind buying these treasurable momentos, which less intelligent people might call "sucker items." I didn't even mind Pres. MinEwen's latest idea, conceived after his fifth shot of Old Mr. Cratty's, of taking a sledge hammer to Silliman Hall and selling each alumnus a brick of the building at $5 apiece.

But what I do mind is the news as reported in the fall issue of the *Alumni Rebuke*, that Hands Hansome has drafted the faculty to make money for the College. Like so many pimps, faculty members now have to plan to cavort around the globe next summer, wrenching dollars out of the pockets of

Continued on page 19

Purge Ends Hill Corruption

A swinish Dick Copher, Diddlywork Vice-President of the College, threw open the window, quickly gulped a breath of the cold night air, and sticking his finger down his throat, wretched all over the side of Hamilton's historic (nine years old) Alumni House. "Got to make more room in my tum-tum for more gas," he mumbled, knocking off his turtleshell glasses as he thrust his pointed head back into the womb of pleasure.

Inside the early-American barn, the party to end all parties was crashing last night toward a crescendo that would soon drain the College administration of its cancerous lifeblood.

What had originally begun as a typical three o'clock coffee and crumpet break for the sluggish, administrative louts of Buttocks Hall had mysteriously turned into a throbbing furnace of animal passions in which the ordinary staid, obstinate bureaucrats were releasing bent-up frustrations and previously well-hidden debaucheries. Women of infirm virtue had suddenly burst upon the anemic scene as had a howling ladies band and four cases of pain-killer. The smoky odors or cheap perfume, stale cigarettes, and alcohol fumes, sifted toward the ceiling of the Alumni House as if to form a cloud of doom over the entire assemblage.

"Hey, Ho!" whooped a recovered Copher to a well-tanked, purple-faced President Ho Chin MinEwen, "that nightwatchdog, Dave Wombat, just slapped a fat ticket on your expense-account-paid-for car."

"Cool it, Cop," bellowed MinEwen as he flailed about the House's Living-Wrecks Room to the music of Topez Ticklemine and her All-Girl Sextet. "I'll give that little campus freakie some grief tomorrow. And no more cracks about the car or you'll never see the light of a juggled account book again."

MinEwen bunny-hopped his potable partner, Miss April Sweetjob, the leader of a local women's service club of spotted fame, into a nearby linen closet and left the other Buttocks bucks to carouse around the main room. As Topez's girls plus one new addition, Copher, began to grind out another frantic number, an always-exhausted Bull Heaver, ineffectual public relations director, ambled his party tuff, Miss Phyllis Refill, over to a sagging couch. Never one to mince or print words, Heaver splashed some pain-killer into his omnipresent coffee cup, yanked Miss Refill into his arms, and then sighed.

"You're kinda quiet tonight, mistah," cooed the slinky Refill, "one might almost say dull-witted."

"All that glitters is not gold," whined Heaver in his typically articulate fashion.

"Why don't you relax, mistah, and slip into something comfortable? Remember . . . . love is just another four letter word."

"Well, okay, I guess I can't cry over spilled milk. But then a stitch in time does save a wife and nine."

"Aw, Shad-up, Bull!" barked Hands Hansome of the College's Office of Illicit Alumni Affairs, reeling over to the couch after having thrown a feathery slattern into the bass drum. "Thish was a good party until you and your mouth came along. Why don't you get off your coffee can and start perkolating? Come on, baby, let's you and me make movements."

Dragging Miss Refill to the dance floor, Hansome collided headlong with boyish Burt Willu$, who was skipping around the room in circles, dangling honorary degrees in people's faces and holding a silver spoon between his capped fangs. Willu$, who has risen from a onetime illustrious career of robbing church poor-boxes to picking the silk-lined pockets of the rich, hopped over to the linen closet into which MinEwen and Miss Sweetjob had long since disappeared.

"Peek-a-boo, I spy!" shrieked the juvenile jerk as he opened the door a crack and stuck his highly-money-sensitive nose in. "Come out here you two and play pin the tail on the cheap alumnus with me."

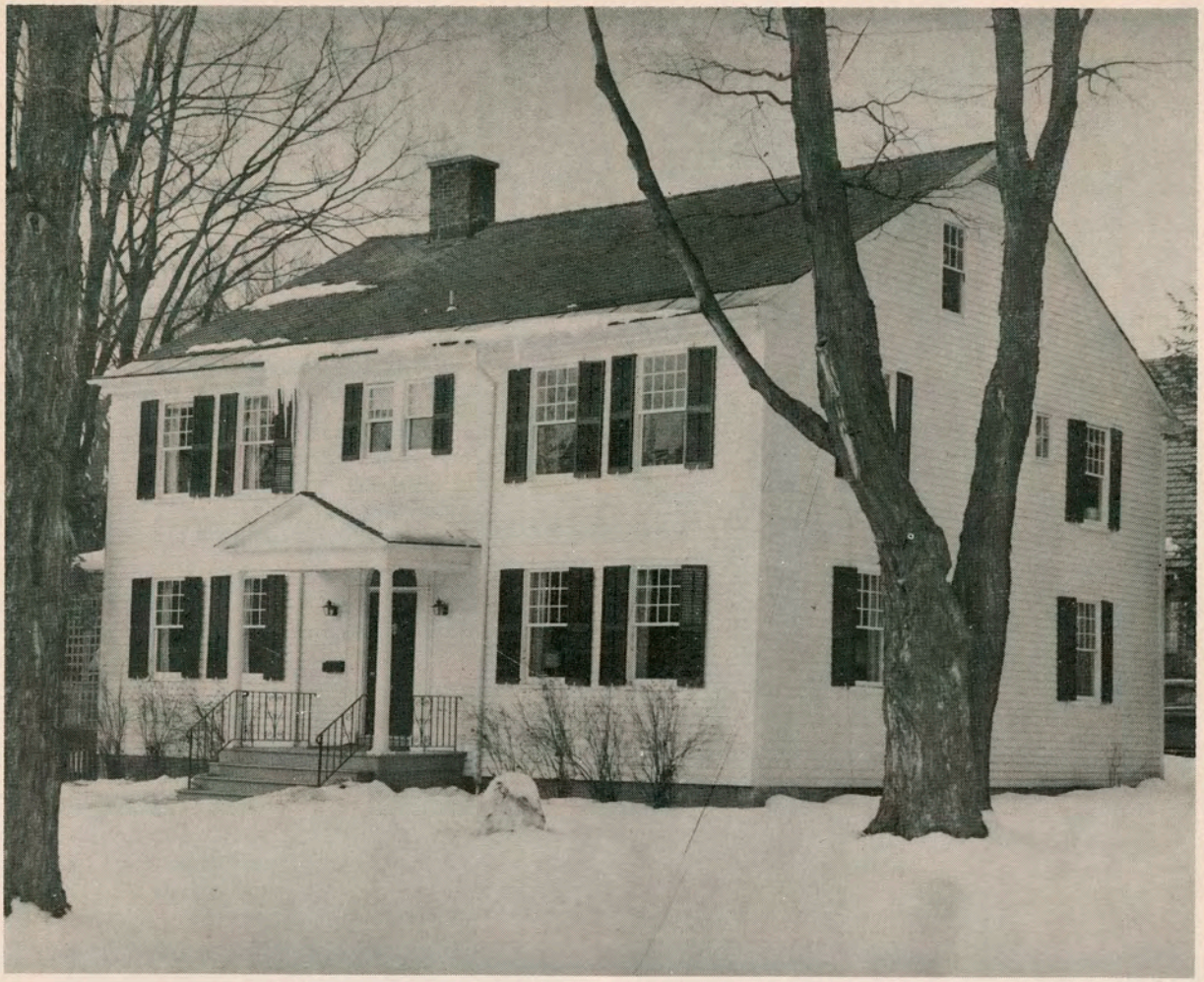
"Go play with yourself," MinEwen moaned breathlessly from the dark closet. "Bothersome brat, remind me to cut *your* expense account tomorrow." Some tricky legwork swung the door shut.

"Oh, stuff and nonsense, why won't anybody play with me," sobbed Willus, quickly changing from the frolicky child to the tearful lush. "Play *Melancholy Baby*, Topez."

Willu$ stumbled through the mass of undulating people on the dance floor.

"Liven-up, kiddo," hollered Copher, beating the drenched, downhearted Willu$ on the skull with a drumstick. "Stop manipulating and start maneuvering like Heaver over there," the crazed, now-naked-to-the-waist vice president continued, referring to the agressive PR man who was stretched out on the top of the bar with a comely-looking floozy.

Neither women nor wine, however, could stimulate the single-minded Willu$ to do anything but



Peaceful looking from the outside, but on the inside . . .

muse about ways to make money. Spying what looked like a student surveying the whole shameful affair through the open window, he dashed across the room, upsetting the frenzied rhythm of Miss Tickelmine and Copher.

"Two dollars a peep!" he yelled at the surprised student.

Receiving a "but I'm just a penniless undergraduate" look, he neatly severed the onlooker's nose by snapping the venetian blinds shut. Still laughing but feeling a little shaky, Willu$ crawled on all fours over to the bar and asked taciturn (sometimes mistaken as ignorant) Heaver to teach him "to write sweet nothings." Heaver gave him a some-other-time grunt, whereupon the confused child of our times slid across the room on his belly to the door of the linen closet and collapsed at the feet of MinEwen, his benefactor.

"EVERYBODY AROUND HERE IS GETTING TO BE A THORN IN MY SIDE," bellowed an infuriated MinEwen over the din of "Baby, Take a Chance With Me." Emerging from the closet with a bath towel, the potentate dragged a rumpled Miss Sweetjob into the waiting arms of second banana Willu$ and stalked over to the bar.

"Heaver, up and out, boy. Fix me another double Bloody Mess quick. I need one bad. You guys are getting to my nerves."

"Don't do ish, Bull," slurred a belligerent Hands Hansom as he pushed his Buttocks buddy off the bar. "You've had one too many Bloody Messes brewed up for you, Ho, since you been president. I can thinka dozen examples from Minute Theater to Gristol Center to the firin' a good, old Johnny Baldywoodwind when your crass ideas made my joba getting money from alumni real hell! You know somethin'? You ain't got no couth nor brains neither. And the way you make poor, old Bull tote the line by doing nothing – by stiflin' all the news – is downright disgraceful."

"No news is good news, I always say," muttered the cliche-covered tongue of Heaver for the seven

hundredth time as he pulled himself up from the floor.

"You just say that, Bull, cause you been indoctrinated by bossy Ho," cried Hansome, his voice a pitch higher than before. "You're just like the rest of us poor slobs. We never once been given the chance to use a little imagination."

"That's just because you don't have any," retorted Heaver in an unprecedented burst of emotion.

"Who says?"

"I says!"

"Break it up, you blazing Buttocks Bobbsey twins," MinEwen interjected, butting his cigar in Heaver's ear and emptying his pipe into Hansome's open mouth. "You guys ain't got nothing whatsoever to complain about. Who else would give you bums jobs – heh? One can't write any better than those morons on the *Spectator* and the other's yellow fangs and hairbrain schemes turn off more alumni than even remember this Hole. And look at that nitwit Copher over there making Miss Ticklemine giggle. Do you think he would have gotten anything better than a job cleaning ashtrays at Hayes National if his father hadn't been a fat cat alumnus who also *just happened to be* chancellor of the state board of regents? Not a chance. He's so gray any employer would think he'd been making car license plates all his life. But I like all you guys. You fit into the whole decor of this College, you might say. I found this place decadent and I'm keeping it decadent. I believe in Traditions and Tolerance. So all a ya shad-up and drink-up. Let's finish this blast!"

"Ah-h-h, you're so right again, Ho-o-o!" sighed the two sobered, placid Buttocks boys in unison.

"So-o right," echoed a starry-eyed Copher, who had joined the group around the bar after ditching Miss Ticklemine.

"Great party, Ho. Thanks for giving it for us. It's just like last summer's Alumni College," spurted Hansome with a chummy tap on MinEwen's weak spine.

"Ho-ho-ho, that's all right boys," chuckled MinEwen. "But I thought you fellas were giving the party for me. I had nothing to do with all this."

"What?" chimed all three faithful followers? "Well then, who did? Burtie couldn't have. He'd never spend the money."

"Hey, Burtie," Copher yelled. "Did you reach deep down and throw this shebang?"

"Burtie's passed," responded a disconcerted Miss Sweetjob from the floor near the linen closet. "Couldn't take it, I suppose."

"Well then," asked Hansome, "who *is* responsible?"

"I AM," came the rumbling reply from the open window. Winsome Trolls, slovenly dean of the College, who has long played the role of the Fool in Hill affairs, was squeezing his cumbersome torso through the window followed by immaculate, well-primped Badley DePoor, associate dean, whose nose seemed to be half-gone.

"Oh, it's only you, Winnie," laughed MinEwen amiably as he sauntered over toward Trolls. "Here, have a welcome bottle."

"Booze later, work first," wheezed Trolls as he shoved MinEwen aside and yelled: Photogra-phers!"

Instantly, camera-men crashed through the front door and began taking pictures of the entire incriminating scene.

"All of you no-good parasites are through," coughed Trolls to the stunned Buttocks administrators. "As Ho himself once said when he picked the site for the Gristol Center, 'It's time for a change.' "

As Trolls wetted his fingertips and started counting out the payments to the Misses Ticklemine and Sweetjob, Utica police, who had followed the photographers into the House, filed the speechless Buttocks bureaucrats out the front door to awaiting squad cars and certain ruin.

At 10 p.m. E.S.T., Winsome Trolls released the following statement to the nation's news media:

Ho Chin MinEwen, president of Hamilton College, announced tonight his own resignation and those of four other highly-placed administrators. Winsome Trolls, former dean of the College, will immediately and permanently assume the office and duties of the presidency.

The massive resignations were forced by public discovery of illicit and immoral parties given by MinEwen for his office associates. All five former administrators are being held without bail on charges of "attempting to corrupt the morals" of 800 undergraduates by setting bad examples. Utica Judge Terry Trolls predicts quick convictions and stiff sentences, for as he terms them, "the tainted ones."

Chairman of the Hamilton Board of Trustees, Grant Keen, the real rock behind Prudential Life Insurance, commented on the replacements later tonight. Said Keen: "I know that I speak for all the trustees when I say that I couldn't care less what happens up on that Godforsaken Hill."

Badley DePoor, former associate dean, who was appointed by Trolls to the office of vice president, agreed with everything everyone said. DePoor also announced that "responsible students" will be given jobs in running the College's development and public relations offices.

MinEwen's last words to his successor were reportedly: "Carry on my work, Winnie."

Trolls was overheard to reply: "Don't worry, I will."

I Was a Teenage Administrator

Va-va-va-va-va-room! WOOSH! "Look! Up in the sky! Is it a bird? Is it a man? Is it a boy? Is it a student? Is it a janitor? Is it a joke? Is it for real?"

"By God it's an administrator."

HONK-HONK-HONK-HONK-HONKclap.

Such greetings are only part of the routine for Highmas G. (for "Goodsport") Lowmass, Hamilton's youngish, thinnish, crewcuttish, horned-rim glassesish, white sockish Gristol Center Corrector and Administrator-of-all-trades.

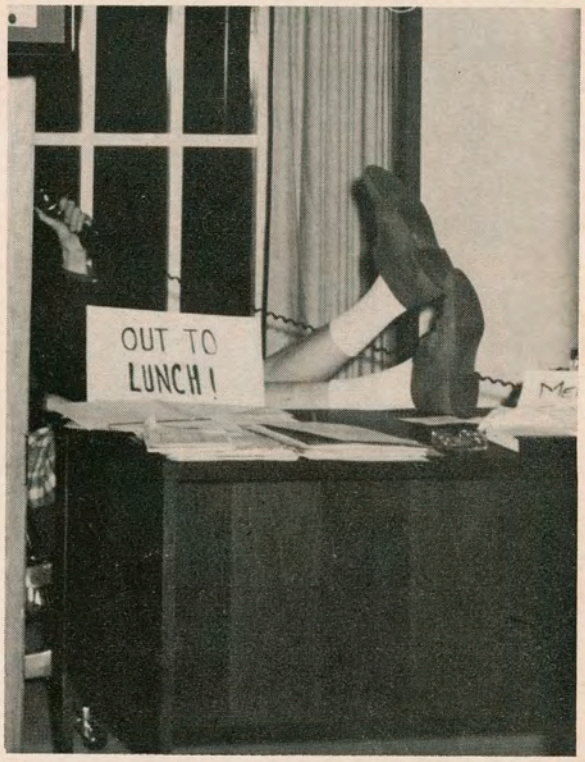
By all counts, this has been a Lowmass year on the Hamilton College campus. Working hand-in-mitten with Trustees and Administration, he has let himself be neither rattled, cribbed, nor toyed with in his dual role as pacifier to the student body and wet-nurse to the baby building. Through all the grueling period of the building's labor pains, incubation, and first steps, Lowmass has kept his eyes to the future when, he knew, "the living room of the campus would rise like a phoenix in full bloom out of the quicksand of naysaying and recriminations to stand in jewel-like service to president and pupil alike."

Now that the responsibility of running the building he helped to build has finally descended upon his slight shoulders, Lowmass has begun to grow into a sense of the dignity of the office. Gone are the Dunham basement days of the callow charm and boyish good humor that won him his place in the hearts of harpy and president alike. The new Lowmass is a maturer, tougher Lowmass who has passed through adversities and tribulations second only to those of the Center itself.

"Of course, you know, I never took any of that *personally,* all the hissing and protesting and stuff," says Lowmass today, speaking from the long-dreamed-of first floor office of the Gristol Center. "I was sort of like the captain, you might say, on a new ship that hasn't quite got all the rats out of it yet. There are bound to be a few gripes, maybe even signs of mutiny. But we've kept the brig empty and the bilge pumps going, and our course is getting straighter every day."

Still, there have been times when Mr. Lowmass's S.S. Gristol seems to have been carrying an albatross around its smokestack. "Our drydock performance was none too promising, you might say," he comments wryly, referring to the stormy history of the building's construction.

The announcement of the building's site and design, Hamilton men recall, was greeted with "an unprecedented outburst of childish catcalls and "wrong thinking" that was to plague the college's



fatter heads for months to come. The initial conciliating, but firm, administrative response to the flurry of petitions and protests failed unaccountably (this may come as something of a surprise to *Alumni Rebuke* readers) to sooth "the campus hotheads," and it was not until the arrival of the summer recess that workmen were free of certain underground destructive elements who maliciously filled in the holes they dug out of the east campus.

"Of course we in the administration were delighted to see the students take such an active interest in the appearance of the college," says Lowmass in retrospect. "On the other hand we should always remember that the trustees may have access to knowledge not available to us, or complicated information we could not understand. If you can't trust a trustee, after all, who can you trust? Heh heh."

Homely insights like this have won Lowmass the rapt attention of Hamilton's tough Tuesday chapel audience. "The seething furnace of college opinion," he enlarges modestly, "has I'm sure cracked many a stronger vessel than myself. What's important is to remember that their hisses come from the fresh breezes of public discussion – a

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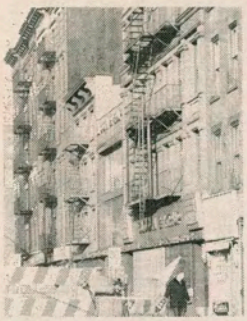
TURKLAND ACCEPTS FIRST GIRLS

In a dramatic announcement late last night made before the Oriskany Falls Rod and Fun Club, newly self-appointed President of Hamilton College, Winsome Trolls, released the names of the architects for Turkland College. "Benzadrine Fopson & Associates were chosen for this job," wheezed Trolls, "because they are one of the finest (cough) building firms in the Mohawk Valley. And they're CHEAP, baby, CHEAP (retch)."



Fopson's Work

Samuel Babbit, President of Turkland, just stood behind Trolles and slowly nodded his head back and forth, still in a state of shock about the lightning coup d'etat on the Hill only a few hours earlier.

Trolls went on to explain the selection process which will choose the first class at Turkland. Only girls in the top 90% of their high school (or boarding school) classes will be considered for admission at Hamilton's mistress school. They will have to score at least 350 on their SAT's (Satisfactory Answer Tests), and those with many worthwhile extracurricular activities will be given preference.

Physical appearance will not be foremost in the minds of the Committee on Ins, but, said Trolls, "I don't think any real dog will have much of a chance."

Trolls went on to state that "We expect Turkland's first class to be well rounded (heh, heh) in many fields. However, a knowledge of Physics and the Rhythm Method is imperative. But the most important requirement which we require of our girls at Turkland is that they have understanding parents. Life is a wonderful thing, and I can seen nothing wrong in bringing forth more life into the world than would normally be possible."

In an exclusive sneak preview, the *Rebuke* is letting all Hamilton alumni meet the first ten girls accepted at Turkland. We asked each girl for their nickname, high school activities, and a short statement on why they chose to come to Turkland. The results follow:

Jenny Robust
"Gin Gin"

President, TLB Fan Club, 1,2,3,4; Radio Club 1,2,3,4; Organization 4; Young Ladies Temperance League 3.

"Turkland offers any young girl, according to THE DEAN, a chance to see the seemy side of life across the road. Turkland has everything: THE DEAN, THE DEAN, THE DEAN, and Joe Tierno."

Rosie Malebox
"Post-mistress"

Young Americans for Free Love, 1,2,3,4; Future Homemakers of America, 3,4; Stamp Licking, 6,9.

"With 800 young, strong, healthy eligible bachelors right across the road, how could any girl go wrong in choosing Turkland. And besides, there's all the faculty. And I understand they are going to give away gobs of those little white pills at the infirmary."

Molly la Bombe
"Whitey"

Parking, 1,2,4; Girls Service,3; Gushing, 1,2,3,4.

"Honey, you sweet thing, that was a cute question to ask. Of all the colleges I looked at, Turkland was just the absolute end. I love it, I love it, I love it! I plan to take courses in hair styling, make-up, and fashion. You know, courses that will make me into a gray-haired teenager at seventy."

Looney Bird Johnson
"Co-Tex Kid"

Future Homemakers of America, 4; The Young Marrieds, 3; Pepsi Generation, 3,4; Canterbury Club, 3; Ecumenical Council, 4.

"Ah thenk Tukland awffahs me the best trainin' fo' ma futcha. Ah want to be a lady asstranaught or a cloistahed nun or a wife and muther or a Rabbi aftah gradjewashion."

Claudia van Sleuth
"The Bod"

Wrestling, 1,2,3,4; Football, 1,2,3,4; Body-building, 1,2,3,4; Moxie, 1,2,3,4; Block M Club, 4.

"Turkland College has 800 strong, healthy, handsome, young boys across the Glen. And, occasionally you can get a fleeting glance of one of them, if you're real fast. And that dreamboat, that athlete of the Century, that wizard with the badminton racquet, that teacher of spastics, Box Webfoot is there."

Ruth la Barge

"LuLu"

Literary Club, 1; Speling Club, 4; Track, 1,2,3,4.

"I plans to come to Turkland because I want a career for me in retail selling for a large New York corporation. I plan to major in Gum and Sweatshirt Arrangement and Decoration, and to minor in The Art of Cigarette Smoking."

Julie Poppins
"Slut"

Mountain Climbing, 2,3; Child Raising 4; Wholesomeness, 1,2,3,4; Parrett Fan Club, 3,4.

"I would like to go to Turkland because trees, birds, open fields, books, learning, dances, and fun are there – and these are a few of my favorite things. And since Turkland is so isolated, nobody will know what kind of girl I really am."

Kathy & Myrna St. Schwartz

"Ditto and Dotto"

Togetherness, 1,2,3,4; Mimeo Club, 3,3,3,4,4,4.

"We think, thik, think, that at Turkland turkland, tukland, we can can prac practice our typ typing. and develop develope our off office skill slills."

Busty Ann Pritchard
"The Moose"

Nursing, 1; Anatomy Club, 1,2,3, President, 4; Wrestling, 3,4.

"I desperately want to come to Turkland so that I can conduct scientific research into the human bod. I feel that at Turkland I will find students ready, willing and able to cooperate with me. And after all, they need someone who knows how to run a maternity ward."

Regalia Rotten-Core
"The TWA Tramp"

Jet Club, 1,2,3,4; Piano Smashing, 2,4; Sunlamp Club, 4; D.T., 2; Sig, 2,3,4.

"Well, luv, they told me in West Palm Beach that just *all* the jet-setters are going to Turkland Country Club for the winter. With all those avant-garde professors I don't think I'll get bored. I am so glad Turkland is selective; I *certainly* wouldn't want to go to school with *trash*."

The Miller's Tale

(Colin F. Miller, professor of Religion at Hamilton College, recently returned from a sabbatical pilgrimage to the tombs of British saints. The following is an informative article by the professor describing his experiences visiting Canterbury, resting place for Thomas Bigot.) ed.

I would like to devote this article to the religious heros of England (a small, industrial nation south of Scotland) and in particular to Thomas Bigot of Canterbury, but first I would like to share with you some of the unusual experiences which I had while traveling to Canterbury in my Volkswagon bus.

The weather couldn't have been better for a pilgrimage. April showers and March droughts had caused all the flowers to bring forth their blossoms. And the west wind had ripened all the crops in the fields and pastures. In short, it was spring, and the road conditions on the Canterbury thruway were heavenly for a rapid, yet safe journey.

I might add a note here that I don't normally approve of picking up hitch-hikers, especially on thruways. You never know what kind of heathen or maniac you might be lending assistance to. But on this particular spring day, I felt especially friendly and sympathetic to those travelers who had been forced for one reason or another to "travel by thumb" as the expression goes. And it seemed but a paltry thing to share the space in my roomy vehicle with those less fortunate than I. After all, I was traveling alone – my family was at Brighton partaking of the joys of secular life – and I was haunted by the echo of that old Scottish proverb, "Do to the other lad, as ye woulde have him do to thee." So I decided to pick up as many hitch hikers as I could, provided that they looked clean and respectable.

When I stopped for gas, I picked up – and this is really hard to believe – a prioress, a Monk and a friar. They were all quite thankful for the ride and amazed that I, a servant of God, could afford to own my own car. I mentioned the old Scottish saying, "The Lord takes care of those who help themselves," but they seemed to resent my comment.

Commenting to the prioress that she was rather a good-looking lass to be serving God, she confessed that she had been a go-go girl in a London nite spot, but had given it all up to find Christ. I wished her good luck but I couldn't help thinking what a fine wife she would make some young Hamilton man.

All three of the church workers were fascinated to know that as a College Chaplin my main function was to take attendance in classes and prepare coffee for receptions for guest preachers. I think they were all a bit jealous, which made me feel quite wanted.

A "Vietnick" American professional student was my next rider. He was wearing a Viet-Cong outfit, had hair down to his belt and carried a placard reading, " Go with Ho." He explained that he was doing graduate work at Oxford in order to dodge the draft and was heading to Canterbury to join up with an anti - commonwealth demonstration. When I asked him for identification, he said he had none since he had burnt not only his draft card, but also his driver's license, his Swarthmore social ticket and his Ramsey wrapper. Generally, he was completely anti-social – he sat at the back of my bus – and I don't mind saying that we didn't mind seeing him leave at the end of the trip.

The Viet-nick

By this time I was somewhat amazed at the variety of people who hitch-hike around England. In my native Scotland, and in Upper New York State, hitch-hiking is strongly frowned upon, but here in England it seems to be the main mode of transportation. And I must say my riders were, for the most part, pleasant and intelligent company, and quite enjoyable.

I picked up (or "gave a lift to" as the English say) a dashing looking man in a tweed suit. He turned out to be a Franklin and needed a lift because his Landrover had run out of gas. He captivated us all with his stories of land purchases and business deals made for his estate. Mr. Copper, for that was his name, invited us all to his house whenever we could come, for cocktails and dinner.

I had just commented to the prioress that all we needed now was, "The baker and the candle-stick maker," when we spotted a country doctor who needed a ride. He was standing by the hedge row and complained that his antique automobile had collapsed after a visit to a near-by farm house. He seemed like quite an affable chap and was also quite interested in learning about America. I mentioned that he might be able to get a job at Turkland College for women as the school doctor, and he began to get quite excited. I asked him if he would mind working in an all-girls school and he said, "No, but I'd have to give them all chest X-rays,"

and gave me a wink as he said, "Tuberculosis, you know."

Perhaps the most colorful person I happened to give a lift to was a wife who had just finished taking a bath. At first I hesitated to give a ride to so scantily clad a woman, but the friar insisted that perhaps the lady would make a confession of her life and thereby lighten her soul of its wicked burden while enlightening us to the ways of vice and lechery.

Clad only in a towel, Liz, for so she referred to herself, explained that she had been extremely drunk, had taken a shower in the hopes of sobering up, and had accidentally wandered out of the motel in which she was staying while trying to find her bedroom. She mentioned that she had spent the best years of her life making movies and going through one husband after another. She was quite frank in admitting that she had lived without shame or restraint. She said that although she might be a bit plump in places now, there was a time when every magazine in England and America wanted to photograph her and place her in the center fold-out position with a staple in her navel. She said she had fished around for any man who appeared to be tailored to her needs, and that she had given everything she had to each husband. "Some women," she laughed good naturedly, "Are meant to be Virgin Marys; others are meant to be Cleopatras." I must say she spoke convincingly and that I listened with sympathy and interest, without passing judgment on her . . . soul.

I began to feel I was piloting Noah's ark when I managed to squeeze in a cook, another Miller, a summoner and a pardoner at a stop light. How I managed to get everybody into my Volkswagon bus I'll never know. But I do know that I really began to understand the meaning of the expression my mother taught me as a child, "Colin, as you go through life, you'll find that g e t t i n g there is half the fun." The solid Scottish simplicity of that statement suddenly gave me a transcendent view of the fellowship with which I was a part, and it suddenly seemed clear to me that my purpose in undertaking a pilgrimage was not only to arrive, and visit something that had meaning in the past, but also to have a ball in the present.

The Prioress

With this in mind, I suggested that we stop at a motel for the night, since the shades of night had begun to fall as it were, and continue our fellowship in a near-by pub. Everyone was quite receptive to the idea, and we soon stopped at a local motel where we were greeted by the keeper of the place and made to feel quite welcome.

The Wife

During dinner at the Motel diner, the keeper of the place informed us that he too wanted to go into Canterbury the following day and asked me if I still had room. When I replied that I did, he suggested that we each tell stories as we drove along partly to pass the time, and partly to determine who had the best tale. He further suggested that he would judge the tales, and that the winner would be treated to his room and board and thruway tolls by the rest of the group.

The keeper's proposal drew heated comments from all sides. The Viet-nick protested the whole affair, while Liz claimed she had the best tale. The friar claimed that there was some catch to the offer, and the franklin said he had a credit card and wasn't interested anyway. The prioress told the monk she didn't remember any stories that were fit to tell, and the Doctor started reeling off puns about Christine Keeler. All in all, the fellowship which had been established in the VW completely broke down in a forest of confusion.

I regretted that I had ever considered picking up hitch hikers. I said a short prayer to myself, "Oh God, deliver me from death, destruction, sin and dust," and silently slipped out of the diner and drove away from the scene.

I'm afraid I've wandered a bit from my main topic but I wanted to make a point that . . . ah . . . that it has been through the example of saints like Thomas Bigot of Canterbury that Christianity has advanced and prospered.

Bookstore Diary

This MS. was found recently in a mail center wastepaper-basket. It was written by a freshman who was attending Hamilton at the opening of the Gristol Campus Center. Although this young man implies some criticism of the College Store under the management of Ethyl Alcohol Cramitin, we are printing his story to show ancient alumni that many changes have been made in the Store since Mrs. Cramitin has usurped . . . er . . . that is . . . taken power.

Ed.

Please believe me! I do appreciate the many wonderful new things the College is doing to make life better. But I must raise a Shriek of Dissent about Mrs. Cramitin.

Maybe I should begin with my experiences the day I bought my textbooks. Since the elevator didn't work, I pushed, pulled, tore, scratched, and bellowed my way down the only usable staircase. After having two teech smashed when someone slammed the door in my face, I attempted to walk along the narrow duct leading to the College Store. Before entering, I saw a sign posted on the turnstile: "Remove all hats, coats, shirt, pants, etc. or I'll subject you to the electro-magno-Ruth-Molly-foolproof stripping device. I strolled through the Notions, Toiletries, Ceramics, and Costume Jewelry Departments when an announcement came over the public assault system:

"For the next five minutes only, DU sweatshirts and last year's *dark* blue sweatshirts will be on a special — only $5 a sweaty shirt. So rush, rush, rush and cash in on this bargain of a lifetime over in the Lingerie Department."

Immediately, two floor-walkers rumbled over to the Lingerie Department to keep the customers from fondling the merchandise. One of them immediately lit a cigarette and said:

"Jesus Lowmass! She's at it again. She can't resist giving away her merchandise for nearly nothing."

"I know," said the other floor-walker combing her hair, "She almost let me have a lunch-break yesterday."

"Really?"

"Yeah, but I couldn't let her do that. Not when she is thinking about going back to Vaudeville again."

What a wonderful woman she must be, I mused, as I sauntered toward the textbook section and saw on the counter a sign reading: "Customer Service Section." I knew instantly that she wanted to help us, and a little voice inside me said: "Marvin, Marvin, what can you do for that generous thoughtful woman?" I decided that in my own humble little way, all I could do was thank her. I looked around for her office. There was a door nearby with a sign: "ETHYL ALCOHOL CRAMITIN, Queen of the College. Enter these portals you who think can defy me."

Mrs. Ethyl Cramitin
Just One of the Boys

All of a sudden I saw her jumping up and down in a rage trying to punch out the Loomi-spy system in the ceiling. To calm her down, one of the floor-walkers held up a ten-dollar bill in front of her. She gradually ceased her screeching with a short blood-curdling cry. Finally she grabbed the ten-spot which she immediately stuffed in her safe chest.

Beginning to whimper I inched by way back from her office. But when I turned around, there SHE was. She smiled cunningly as she slipped her hand into my wallet pocket. "Take your hand out of there," I screamed. "Don't be alarmed, you cuddly little thing, it's only another customer service."

(The remaining page of the MS. was blurred by what appeared to be tears. We are sorry we can't print the conclusions of Marvin's experiences. But we do wish to point out that Marvin must have been wrong. He had been refused a bid by every house on the Hill and had no brownie points recorded with any professor. We are sure he would never fit into society.)

Around College

Frat Honors

All of the Hill's 11 frats garnered honors this past semester for outstanding achievement in many fields. Associate Dean Badley de Poor made the presentations in the Wishing Well Alcove next to Buttocks Hall. We report with pride the following awards:

ALPHA DELTA PHI —— The NAACP Special Prize for furthering the cause of integration by their purchase of a color television set.

CHI PSI —— The Annual Rushing Award donated by the Union Bag Company.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON —— The United States Marine Corps Recruitment Trophy.

DELTA PHI —— The Art Carney Award for Effective Drainage Planning.

DELTA UPSILON —— The Miss Clairol Award for keeping it a secret.

EMERSON LITERARY SOCIETY —— The Robert Peachy Award for the greatest number of successful take-offs and landings during the past semester.

GRYPHON —— The Goebbels Trophy for the most effective display of German propoganda slogans.

PSI UPSILON —— They didn't show up for their award, and we forgot what it was anyway.

SIGMA PHI —— The Madam Nhu Coup d'etat Award for losing all their power strongholds on the campus during the past semester.

TAU KAPPA EPSILON —— The ASPCA Award of Merit for having housed more stray rodents per square foot of living area than any other house on the Hill.

THETA DELTA CHI —— The Amy Vanderbilt Award for holding the most exclusive social event of the year.

Irresponsible Journalism

We are reprinting this column by John Organ which originally appeared in the Spectator *of October 8, 1965 because a number of alumni have written us stating that the upper right hand corner of page nine in that date's paper was entirely blacked out by magic marker.*

Dear God:

Allow me to introduce myself. "The Gadfly" is a super-secret sect selected from semi-Socratic sensationalists. My functions at Hamilton are both devious and numerous. My middle name is Kryptonite and Bat Man isn't too safe. No one can pin me down. I'm faster than a speeding bullet and twice as fast as aspirin. In size, I'm a cross between Gary Crum and the Jolly Green Giant. Yet my real power is with words. Yes words. I'm able to destroy whole buildings with a single word, cities with a single paragraph and nations with single essays. Yes, God, I am the Gadfly!

Which brings me to the subject of *your* building on campus, but first a word of clarity. This letter is not meant to be an attack on your character. As a matter of fact this letter has nothing at all to do with you. I'm really writing to you concerning THAT GODAWFUL BUILDING (there I go again, sorry God). But I'd like to tell you a little about the building which bears your family's name, a name which has been connected with this beloved college . . . granted your name has in the past been compulsory, but nevertheless has been connected with this college, for a century and more.

God, we've heard quite a bit about you. We have a lot of respect for you and for your family. I've enjoyed reading your book and have agreed with a lot of what you say. But the chapel is another matter. Let me say that perhaps the college hasn't finished building it yet, but as it stands now it is completely irredeemable.

Have you seen the chapel recently? Try to think about it without reverting to the language of Henry Miller. It is an ESSO station designed by Howard Johnson. It is an erect tower of Piza emplanted in Noah's Ark and coated with a thin layer of sugar by Tinkerbelle. It is the navel of the campus collecting lint blown in by the four winds from the seven seas.

I will never be convinced the chapel was not designed by a committee. At one end of a table sat STONED, yes, STONED, surrounded by his disciples guzzling Utica Club. At the other end of the table sat the U. C. representative taking orders for STONED. STONED was shouting, STONED was dancing on the table and STONED was swinging from the chandelier. Unable to compose himself the man from Utica Club burst out in uproarious laughter, leaning over to his assistant saying, "How would you like to be STONED?" STONED overheard the comment, flushed from cobalt blue to shingle green, and screamed something about, "Let he who is perfect," as he hurled an empty UC can at the confused UC man.

And that was when one of STONED's disciples got the idea to build the chapel — an empty UC box with three cans piled on top of each other on top of the box. "Great God," emoted STONE, "That's it! That's it!" And so with a few extra touches by STONED, it came to pass. And so it

is, that every nite as I, the Gadfly, sojourn up to the campus THAT TOWER is a luminescent likeness of an ATLAS missile ready to destroy the entire campus or maybe a gigantic, white-washed bottle of Air-Wick sending out fumes to etherize us all. And during the day it is just there, looking like the incarnation of Dante's inferno, or an overturned bathtub with plumbing reaching to the sky. What else can I say, but God, you've been had.

Honorary Degrees

A committee in charge of this June's commencement exercises has already been formed, and plans for the ceremonies are well under way. The list of prizes and celebrated personalities to whom they will be given is probably the most impressive of any year.

First there is the "Oldie-But-Goodie Award" which will be given to that great name in the field of music who owes a large part of his success to making popular works at an age of no less than 50 years. The prize, this year a pair of brown and white wingtip shoes worn by Kate Smith in the 1923 off-14th Street production of "Peter Pan," will be given to none other than Gaylord F. X. Pluff '07. Mr. Pluff has recently zoomed to the top of the popular charts with his swinging rendition of "Carrissma" in 7/8 time. The success of Mr. Pluff and his work has recently been assurred by "Mr. Personality," Hank Brown, who gave "Carrissima a rating of nothing less than 87%. "I guess I just like fast music!", said Mr. Brown, honest as an injun.

The second award to Highmass G. (for Good Sport) Lowmass was announced by Ex-President Ho Chin MinEwen in a speech last week before the graduating class of 1966. MinEwen praised Lowmass for his excellent work in the new Gristol Center. "Mr. Lowmass, you have brought to our jaded eastern tastes some of the wholesome all-American values which are so common in the mid-west. Your tasteful treatment of the facilities in the new Center should be sufficient cause for us to recall those famous words of Horace Greeley, 'Go west young man, go west.' I think Horace Greeley said that. Our new Center has also opened up new vistas for you to reveal to us the wonder of the colorful native costumes of the mid-west which we have been so unaware of for so long. That you should take it upon yourself to model some of these outfits around the Center warms our hearts towards the mid-west as never before. In short, without your untiring efforts we could not have been able to have the Center as it is today. Thus it is all fitting and proper that this College should see fit to make you one of its sons."

Other honorary degrees went to such College notables as Bob Hevenor, College public relations officer. "Bull Heaver," as he is affectionately referred to by students and faculty alike, was praised by the committee for his ceaseless efforts to preserve the quiet dignity of Hamilton College by not succumbing to the base temptations of the world of public media. "Not once in the past four years has the name of Hamilton College been besmirched by mention in the vulgar yellow press that infests our country today. Outside of cursory mention in the sports pages, the College's good name has not once been defiled by print. For this remarkable feat the College wishes to make you one of its sons in a way that will be evident to all who ever read the alumni magazine."

The final honorary degree will be given to Fredman von Killer for his devotion to the ideals of this College. Mr. von Killer's particular field of endeavor is one not frequently recognized by honorary degrees, athletics. His citation states that "It has been Mr. von Killer's proud office to foster and further the ideal of Hamilton College which de-emphasizes athletic engagement for the purpose of the subordination of sports to scholastics. You of all the faculty members will be most remembered for de-emphasizing athletics at Hamilton College. Therefore it is right that this College should seek to make you one of its own as a reward for your devotion to its highest ideals."

Gaylord F. X. Pluff '07

Markwrong Strikes

Ivan Markwrong, professor of American literature in Hungarian, announced in Tuesday Chapel last week that he has discovered the Ultimate Ambiguity of the Universe. Markwrong, a graduate of the Institute for Thinking Large Thoughts, had taken a year's leave of absence to pursue what he termed the Quest for the Ambiguity.

Originally, Markwrong had planned to find the Ultimate Answer to the Riddle of the Universe by wandering from one end of Truass 1 to the other and muttering to himself in a perfect monotone. Among the mutterings overheard by students who swoon into profundity with his every question were: "Well, I haven't heard your voice in a long time", "You're right but can't you express it more coherently", "Since your participation in this course is marginal", "If you don't have an ear for poetry, you'll get a FF."

Markwrong had warned the world that any interruption in his Modern Odyssey would be punished by an unmitigated gush of perfectly articulated sarcasm. Unfortunately, Prof. Samuel Johnson Johnsting, in an attempt to short-cut a runaway racoon, unintentionally climbed through a window in Truass 1. But instead of raining his threatened godlike fulminations, Markwrong underwent an Inner Experience when Prof. Johnsting pushed his glasses a little further down on his nose and stared smilingly into Markwrong's piercing brown eyes.

Markwrong shouted that this experience gave him an Epic Vision to complete his Quest. In his vision, the Chapel Steeple would lead straight to God and Heaven, simply because it is pure white (Moby Dick) and phallic (Walt Whitman).

While scampering to the Chapel, Markwrong encountered a student who asked him a Good Question. Markwrong breathlessly muttered, "Please, brown me up only in discussion groups." He had climbed as high as the belfry when Prof. George Nezbrittle, in an attempt to bring him to a Senior Study discussion, stood on the Chapel steps and screeched, "Do you mind, Mr. Markwrong, do you mind?" Markwrong found that he had to mind because (oh, metaphysical discovery!) the steeple ended just above the belfry! This was not in The Vision. Descending from the heights, Markwrong described his feelings as "alienated" but claimed the very Absurdity of the steeple of the House of God not reaching Heaven was the Ultimate Ambiguity itself.

Next semester before setting out on his Quest for the Abominable Snowman, he plans to write the Great American Novel which will "express the essence of the American Spirit and expose the Ultimate Ambiguity in a single symbol." Nezbrittle has described Markwrong as the Ultimate Ambiguity himself.

LOWMASS . . . *Continued from page 5*

nasty but necessary check-and-balance, you might say, on the stuffed shirts."

No stuffed shirt himself, Lowmass still radiates the casual, ambling optimism that carried him through the hard winter of the Center's construction. "Perhaps my memos have grown a teensy-weensy bit longer since my rise to the padded Corrector's chair," he understates compromisingly as he thrashes through his office's hope chest in order to give a painful-looking freshman the key to the President Ferry's Men's Room, "but I've always said that a hundred good memos are way, far better than jabbering around campus like some sort of gossipy John Ellis, if you know what I mean. I mean, well, I don't buy what the campus wags say about me — you know — that I've sort of mesmorized — heh-heh, that's a pun — them to death. I mean, well, memos are like pool tables, you can never have enough of them."

Fulfilling spritely his image as the golden laddie of the University of Wisconsin, Lowmass even admits that there are still flaws in the building: "Too many peas in our chicken a la king, you might say." But his minute scrutiny of even the smallest matters and the most insignificant, lowliest details has brought him, ultimately, to a concern with the students and their mighty problems in the building. "After all," he'll tell you while pushing a box of instant egg salad into the President Min-Ewen dumbwaiter, screwing in a light bulb, or dousing a stray cigarette butt with a glass of watered-down, PX Coca-Cola, "this is *your* building. I don't own it. I trust you fellas completely. Bothers like keys are just a polite precaution; you know, like those little safety wrappers us fellas have to buy at the Park Row Pharmacy."

'As I say,' I don't own the building," he'll continue. "All I really do is watch over it." — and here he'll give a boyish scratch of his brush cut and a tug at one of his daily bleached socks — "like a janitor, you might say. A head harpy, that's all I really am, or ever want to be. Heh-heh."

But those who know him well, know that Highmass G. Lowmass will be remembered as more than just the humble janitor he affects. A janitor among souls is Lowmass, and Hamilton will long honor him as its foremost harpy in the great living room of the heart.

Alumnus in the News

DIGGING ON KAWU

Dr. Benjamin D. Ferrett '20, undoubtedly one of Hamilton's outstanding living alumni and one of the world's greatest archeologists, made an announcement last month which rocked virtually every corner of the civilized world. Ferrett, after thirty years of frustrating research and fruitless excavation, has finally found the remains of a pre-human civilization on top of a remote mountain in the Himalayas named "Kawu" by the natives, which, according to Ferrett, translated into English means "The Holy Hump of the Most Powerful and Potent God Notlimah, Who Cauces Pure Maidens to Burst Forth with Life."

In an historic news conference held in Washington last month at Irving's Deli (right around the corner from the White House), Ferrett was asked why he chose "Kawu" from among all the hundreds of obscure mountains in the Himalayan Range as the place where he would launch probably his last expedition in search for the hidden anthropoid community.

Ferrett graciously answered this question in his usual eloquent and lucid fashion. "Look, stupid, any mountain called 'The Holy Hump of the Most Powerful and Potent God Notlimah, Who Causes Pure Maidens to Burst Forth with Life' has to have something going for it. Whadaya think I am – a prude? I can recognize a phallic symbol just as damn well as the next guy!"

Ferrett went on to explain the nature of his find in great detail. "From the great number of ape scratches which abound all over the tip of "Kawu," I have been able to discover the following facts about the ancient community of anthropoids which lived there many thousands of years ago. The "Kawu" apes were a very selective group of beings who choose to isolate themselves from the rest of the world. They made their selection from among the many applicants who tried to enter their sanctuary on the basis of character and scholarship (proficiency in ape-scratching). Preference was given to apes who were from the same litter as members already living on "Kawu," and apes who journeyed from lands with which the inhabitants of the mountain were not familiar.

A group of the oldest and richest apes picked the leaders of the "Kawu" community every few years. The two most important leaders were the President-Ape and the Dean-Ape. The President-Ape spent most of his time travelling in warmer climates away from the frigid tip of "Kawu," while the Dean-Ape was left in charge of all the younger apes. However, since the Dean-Ape was not permitted to travel to keep warm, he was the only member of the "Kawu" community who was permitted to drink the Sacred Booze, which to the Kawunians was known as the "Nectar of Life Without Which All Is Barren."

But Ferrett feels that his present discoveries are only the beginning, and he is flying back to "Kawu" in a few months to continue his research.

Good luck, Dr. Ferrett!

We at Hamilton salute you!

Recent Books

WAITING FOR HADOT. By Chops di Beckencall '66. The Alexander Hamilton Private Press, Clinton, New York, 1966.

Those in the know can easily spot any book written by a Hamilton alumnus. Typical of our unique position among small eastern isolated whitechapel all-male traditional rustic ivory-towered hidebound colleges, typically unique Hamilton alumni have always written in two typically unique genres: first, the scholarly, e.g. J. C. Spool Professor of Trivial History D. Mauldin Zealous's *A History of the Further Hinterlands of Northern New York 1821-1822;* and second, the insignificant, such as John Fickie's recent non-seller, *The Wizard of Oz.*

Last month the string was broken, however, with the publication of Chops di Beckencall's sensational new play, *Waiting for Hadot,* an autobiographical avant-garde *frappe de theatre* rendered in bold strokes of flaming phlegm.

The principal setting for the play shows di Beckencall and one of many minions sitting at a table near the main door of an un-named library. The underling is worried that Hadot will not show up and that they will be locked in, but di Beckencall is distinguished from all the other characters by his tremendous faith in Hadot. Whereas literally all the other figures on the stage spend much of their time wringing their hands in apparent terror that Hadot will let them down or, as they say, "get" them, di Beckencall never misses a chance to defend Hadot from their anger. Indeed it often seems that the only character who does not completely loathe and fear Hadot is di Beckencall himself, obviously Hadot's chief spokesman and defender among the poor frightened wretches who unaccountably look up to him.

Chops di Beckencall '66

The strangest feature of the play is that the title character, Hadot, never appears. Although his subtly malignant behind-the-scenes influence warps and pervades the progress of the play, he remains a dark force who prefers to speak through the amiable, schuffling character of the harmless di Beckencall. Exhaustive studies have been made about just what Hadot *is* in the play. Occasional hints are given of some super-secret judicial capacity; now and then stray characters speak of him with dread in their voices, as in this famous passage:

Boy: No! No! No!
Girl: What? What? What?
Boy: It's him! The Black Grub! The Bat of Night! He's seen us! After hours! Oh woe, woe, woe, . .
Girl: Where! I don't see him.
Boy: The squat shadow on the wall, the smell of snake-oil in the air, the trail of grease on the floor, the whole air of filth, squalor, and sickness – it can't be anybody else!
Girl: But who is he? What can he do?
Boy: He can – *get* us. He can bring me before the – the Jud – Jud –Jud. . . .

At this moment he is struck dead by a flying grime-encrusted gavel which is thrown from the darkness accompanied by a leering laugh. It is clear that Hadot has struck.

The horror of scenes like this is played off brilliantly in di Beckencall's play against relief scenes in which absurd comic characters, professorial looking, haggard, and carrying tweed-lined briefcases, stagger around the stage and deliver strange convoluted lines of condescending affection for di Beckencall and Hadot, which immediately separates them from the other more down-to-earth characters. Exactly what use they serve in the play's development is uncertain, but clearly they are the ones who have given di Beckencall (and through him, Hadot) his real base of power. It is predominantly because of these characters that the play has been interpreted by many as a particularly bitter allegorical commentary on an archaic and caste-ridden society whose titular leaders are naught but self-serving sycophants (di Beckencall himself) and treacherous, process-serving informers (clearly Hadot) prostrating themselves to the musty taboos of ages past.

In this light, *Waiting for Hadot's* main fault is its lack of contemporary relevance, for obviously all institutions of this description have long ago withered from the earth. One can only wonder at Mr. di Beckencall's remarkable imagination and sense of history, and wonder where on earth he got the idea for his incredible setting.

Faculty Notes

JOE TRAVESTI (visiting professor who occupies the Lilliput stool of art) is offering this semester a course in studio art by correspondence. Travesti has also recently opened an exhibition of his Slop Art in the PX of the Gristol Center.

THOMAS MIX COWBOY (dept. of fashion) gave a talk to the New York Sartorial Association entitled "Clothes Make the Man or How to Be a Country Squire in Upstate New York." He discussed how to disburse large amounts of cash on absolute trivia. Mr. Cowboy is presently serving as Tweed Consultant to J Press of Cambridge, New Haven and New York. He is currently the editor of *The Fop Journal,* and has recently published an article in *The Consumer's Guide to Ostentatious Consumption* on the correct relationship between tweed, walking sticks and cowboy boots. He is also working on his book *How to Be Affected on a Dollar a Year.*

In other fashion news, newly self-appointed President *Winsome Trolls* has received the 1966 Brooks Brother Clothing Scholarship.

PUBIUS VERALIUS DOGERS (dept. of Biology) will lecture this semester at Yeshiva University on the value of non-conformity among today's students. He will review the practice of teachers awarding grades and recommendations on the basis of personal appearance, proper behavior, dental hygiene, clear complexion, sweet smelling breath, high cheekbones, blue eyes, and unforeign sounding names.

DON BONES (dept. of physical education) received the "Boy of the Year" award from the faculty wives club, for services rendered.

EDWIN POLL PARRETT (dept. of histrionics) between periods of driving himself into hysterics, will devote much time next semester to writing the screen play for *The Sound of Musac.* Parrett hopes to cast newcomer Ursula Andrews (kid sister of jaded Julie) in the starring role of a nun who finds true happiness playing instructress to a group of scarlet women on the fourth floor of a campus center of ill-repute.

GENE SCHLONG (dept. of reactionaries) was given the Kollegiante Konservative Klub (KKK) award in January for improving Hamilton. The award cited his little-appreciated efforts on the Faculty Committee of Student Affairs, his locker room discourses on "pinko students," and, in general, his epitomizing the transcendance of brawn over brains any day of the week.

DIGGER DAVES (dept. of ancient civilizations) has finally written a book to be published this spring, *The Porfumo Scandal: Theory and Practice.* In the hefty volume, expected to be a best-seller if he remembers to send it to the publisher, Daves discusses the strange habits of the British which have lead to their moral and mental decay. He mentions their fawning over athletes, their imitation of lurid still life slides, and their habit of playing the "Grand Old Man" on small college campuses while spritely stocking their shoddy, deceptively innocuous briefcases with gin. Prof. Daves also discusses the irrelevance of English history to anything in the modern world.

TWEETY LAMBS, Leavendbread Professor of Dissenting Economics, announced his retirement from the College faculty last Wednesday. In an interview Lambs told the *Rebuke* that, "I suppose I will miss the Hill, but I really do need the extra time not teaching my one class will give me to conduct research for my new book, "Booze and Man.' "

Delegates

Hamilton College delegates at recent ceremonies and conventions throughout the world were as follows:

John Carryvino (Economics) attended the 1966 New York State High School Teacher's Convention.

Helen Brownberg (Books) represented Hamilton at the Annual Peers of the Realm Conclave in London.

Robert R. Mumbles (Talk) visited the Gallo Wine Country.

William P. Hardley (Greek) attended the National Misfits Picnic under the Golden Arches on Route 5.

Jerome Commiecar (Graphs) and Nebbish P. Guile(?) attended the Annual Quitters Convention at the New Hartford Shopping Center.

Allen Watercress (Splashes) attended the International Sherlock Holmes Festival at Sneaky Ridge, Nevada.

Robert Brownberg (German) attended on his wife at the Annual Peers of the Realm Conclave in London.

Class Notes

1794

SAMUEL KIRKLAND JR., Hamilton's oldest living alumnus has begun a new job with the Balentine Brewing Company as a stand-in for the 2500 year-old brew master.

1875

LEROY R. MORTON Jr., announced that he will once again run for the presidency in the 1968 elections on the Whig ticket. Morton, founder of the Southern concern which manufactures blackbird and hare pies, told the *Birmingham Bugle* last week, "Ask not what you can do for the poor, but what the poor can do for you."

1888

HOWARD S. KEARNSBOUGH was recently elected scout master of Troop 438, of Pleasant Valley, Utah. Kearnsbough, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate, had previously served as a senior patrol leader at the recent National Jamboree held in Reno, Nevada. Kearnbough stated that he was, "deeply grateful for this opportunity to serve his country and his fellowman."

1912

WILLIAM Z. CRAWL became the first Hamilton graduate to conquer the cold English Chanel at night. Crawl, who last year become the first Hamilton graduate to mount Scarlet Hill in northeastern Finland, did his work in the Chanel on Christmas Eve in the remarkable time of twelve hours. Crawl said that the breast stroke was the secret of his success.

1920

DR. HIERONYMOUS DIDDLEYPHOO, general practitioner in South Appalachia, Kentucky, would like to announce that his office will not be open on Monday afternoons after February 26.

1927

B. F. SKINNER will publish his latest book, *Walden Three,* in early March. Skinner commented that his new book concerns, "People," and also stated that the novel dealt with, "Problems people have."

Bones, Sr. '38

Morton '75

1929

SEYMOUR AXSHUN, professor of aesthetics and geology at Bennington College, delivered a lecture entitled "Discretion in Education" or "How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Field Trips" before the American Association of University Lechers at the Carousel Motel, Ocean City, Md.

1931

HOGART E. PEABLOSSOM, of Getbent, Indiana, painted his own house last week with the aid of his twelve year old son, Seymour and his nine year old daughter, Olive, both of whom did "swell" in painting and art class at East Getbent Elementary School. Peablossom said the new paint job, "improved the looks of the house."

1938

DONALD BONES Sr., the father of Hamilton's very own Don Bones, Jr., coach extraordinaire, commented before an audience of elderly women earlier this year on "How To Raise Happy and Useful Children." Bones Sr. stated that "You gotta dress 'em right and you gotta feed 'em well. Take my little boy Donny for example. That kid had gray socks and bass weejuns before any other brat on the block. And to make sure he never became a sissy, he learned that the only thing people understand, the only thing worthwhile in this world, is muscle. Muscle can get you through this life —— just look where it's gotten my Donny."

1939

I. NEEDA FEEXQUEEK, former Spanish Fullbright Scholar and up until last week president of the Hong Kong - New York Poppy Promoters Society, was convicted in Manhattan of selling heroin to Slosh Whyte, highly-touted folksinger, before the latter's fall houseparty appearance at Hamilton.

1941

ROBERT E. PEACHY, president of Shmowhoak Airlines, Very Ltd. which serves New York State and French occupied Canada, announced that on January 1st Shmowhoak became the first small airline company to offer the famous Vomit Comet service from New York Mills to Kennedy International Airport.

1943

LYLE P. WURMBAIT, guppie feeder at the Bronx (N.M.) Zoo, was the subject of a two page photospread in the December issue of *Male Physique.*

1947

REV. TIMOTHY K. DONNE of Shaker Heights, Ohio, fell asleep during his own sermon. Donne did not even hear the bell toll.

1951

EZRA POUND recently translated his autographed copy of *Mein Kampf* into Congolese for his new idol, Moise Tshombe. Pound recently said, "I consider *Mein Kampf* and the 1964 *Hamiltonian,* which was dedicated to me, to be the works of the freshest and most vital minds of the twentieth century.

1957

WALTER C. WHITEHEAD, better known as Commander Whitehead, was given a certificate of merit by the WCTU after his dramatic announcement on NBC that Schweppes' Bitter Lemon with gin tastes like urine.

1958

HIRAM G. BOBOLINK recently announced that he intends to immolate himself with gasoline in front of the Treasury Building in protest of what he called "the government's deviation from the doctrine of Tweedy Lambs."

1966

KEVIN CANDY has been elected president of the Elmira P.T.A. When asked to comment about the honor, Candy replied, "This is all I've ever wanted out of life."

1966

THOMAS J. SCHWARTS, erudite chairman of the Hamilton Sociables Committee, was recently given the Pearl Mesler award for social oneupsmanship at a dinner in Clinton's Alex Hamilltown Inn. Schwartz, whose receding hairline bears witness to the success of entertaining this year's sociables committee, replied when questioned as to who was paying for the gala affair, "The Sociables Committee is, and if you don't like it, you can . . . you can . . . ha-ha-ha . . . audit our books."

1966

K. GUILD KEZAR, prize-winning editor and homebody, confided in the *Rebuke* last month that he not only expects to eventually become the United States Senator from Mass. but that he also intends to publish an international edition of the *Spectator* in Paris starting in "avril" (which translated means July). Kezar can be seen every day by the public sitting on his throne on the third floor of the Gristol Center from 5:00 p.m. to 5:10 p.m., gazing over the Mohawk Valley and whispering quietly to those seated at his feet: "Some day this will be mine, all mine, and then they'll listen."

LETTER II . . . . . .

the unsuspecting in order to pay Buttock Hall's piper.

Hoarding Hands has forced Chitchat Bullfilled Richardson to preside at an East African slave auction next July. Marcel Moribund must turn the "Junior Year Abroad Program" into "Get A Broad Junior Year Program" under the direction of Madame Toescut and her dog, Cunquest. Jay Gomer Yuk Yuk will deliver lectures and laughs for a carnival sideshow. And Charles A. Godlikescharles must tour the country with Homer Staidly and Rubin Chewsaccharin in a Skinner Box to prove that rats learn faster than humans.

Why is glad-handing, sticky-fingered Hands prostituting the Hamilton faculty? What future schemes has he in store for us? What are his real plans for the "mother of loyal, steadfast men?"

A. Weeney Toad '63

Donne '47

Kezar '66

Necrology

The College Community mourned yesterday the death of the entire French Department. Last month they were confined to DeGall's Rest Farm for treatment of an acute Alienation Complex.

Taking the first turn for the worse was *DANIEL TRUSSEL,* who just before he entered a coma, shouted: "A student! He dared to speak to ME! To ME! He, he talked to me! The gall! I'm, I'm so much better! Better than any of them!" Those were his dying words.

A few hours later, *MARCEL MORIBUND,* chairman of the department, followed the trail blazed by Trussel to the great Champs Elysee in the Sky. Dr. Peon Moe would not reveal the cause of his death. Moribund, the author of the banned novel, *Pere Moriot,* had recently published his student guide book, *Paris on $100 a Night.*

JIMMY B. GAYVIS, who was exhausted after two years in Paris anyway, died a few minutes later. Dr. Moe diagnosed the cause of death as boredom.

FRANK SHAMLIN just smiled and smiled and smiled and slipped into Eternal Slumber.

With the death of all the male members, *GEORGETTE TOESCUT* declared she was in frigid shock, and passed.

MRS. MAY B. MIRE has assumed the responsibilities of the entire French Department.

CHIMAN PSIFRAT '1845, Hamilton's elder statesman emeritus, died in Clinton on Monday, February 2, 1966 of consumption caused by complications resulting from a previous bout with Bidding's Disease. Although during his career at Hamilton, Psifrat went mainly unnoticed, his loss is surely to be felt by the entire Hamilton community.

OBEDIAH RIA '97 croaked in East Cupcake, Mo. on January 12th. He was 69.

Mr. Ria was born on August 8, 1897 in Clinton, N.Y., the son of Mr. & and Mrs. Ria. He received an A.B. degree from Hamilton in 1897, and got BA from Kirkland College in 1899. He was a member of ADP and BO.

He taught for several years at Clinton Central High School before joining the Nebbish Advertising Agency, which was responsible for such favorite jingles as: "Drinka Pinta Milka Day," "Jiffy King, Jiffy Good," and "Carissima."

He disappeared in 1909 and was found in 1911 (two years later) in Brazil, living in sin with the future Mrs. Ria. He returned to the United States in 1912, and came home to Hamilton where he took on the job of Audio-Visual Superintendent Head. He is survived by his wife, his son Ur and a daughter Mia, all of Clinton, N.Y.

WATSON BOSTERD '68, died on December 32 from lockjaw resulting from a self-inflicted wound with an eyebrow pencil. He was 13.

Left in a garbage pail as an infant, Bosterd was raised by Salvation Army volunteers who were amazed at his penchant for oratory.

After graduating from Amelia Erhart's flying school, Bosterd brought his boundless wit and Robert Hall's wardrobe to Hamilton where he helped rid the Charlatans of all those "terribly nasty peasant types."

His fatal accident took place while he was preparing to go on stage in the title role of *Auntie Mame.* He had previously starred in *Fannie Hill, Requiem for a Lightweight,* and *Alice in Wonderland.*

GEORGE D. INDITURK '00 succumbed suddenly on Jan. 25 from a severe attack of claustrophobia while eating dinner. Inditurk had a long and stormy career on the Hill, and his intense feud with Rock Fratbro '99 will long be remembered.

While at Hamilton, George was a nonconformist, refusing to wear a coat and tie at dinner, and once in a great while throwing food and dishes in order to make himself heard.

Inditurk is generally believed to be survived by a long list of descendents, but none of them, when approached, will admit that they were ever in any way related to George.

PETER J. ALLBOY '66, Student Senate President, died of frustration at a recent Senate meeting. None of the Senators realized he was dead until ten minutes after they woke up. "He looked so natural," all the Senators said.

At the state funeral held in the crowded College Graveyard last Thursday, one of the freshmen in Allboy's Dunham corridor was heard to sob, "He looks just like the last time I saw him during freshman orientation in September."

Allboy is survived by his sweetmate, Marbles I'Caint, Senate V.P. and College Rushing Czar.

A Picture from the Past

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1903 ARE SEEN PARTICIPATING IN A COMPULSORY CHAPEL DEMONSTRATION AFTER HAVING BEEN FORCED TO SIT IN THE BACK OF THE CHAPEL BECAUSE THEY ENTERED THE SERVICE FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE.

Although the Rebuke *does not usually run advertisements, we feel that the items pictured above will be of more than passing interest to all Hill alumni.*

They are, from left to right: The Paul Barker Doll – Wind it up and it bitches, $4; Books by Hamilton alumni, (various prices); Bristol Balls, $39 each, $75 for a matched set; and The Ethyl Doll – Wind it up and it grabs your wallet, 99¢.

Other items not pictured but available at the Store are: The Gene Schlong Doll – Wind it up and it votes no; The Ho Chin MinEwen Doll – Wind it up and it flies to Jamaica; The Izzycoff Doll – Wind it up, it bends down and splits its pants; and The Badley de Poor Doll – Wind it up and it agrees with you.